

# GLORIA'S ROMANCE

From the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by George Kleine, Starring MISS BILLIE BURKE. Scenario and Novelization by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes.

## NINTH EPISODE THE SHADOW OF SCANDAL

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**P**IERCE, fair played on Gloria. She had ordered her wedding gown while she was dangerously ill. But now her betrothed would not appear. The newspapers said that he was drowned in the Lower Bay. She believed she had seen him thrust to death on Riverside Drive, and her mourning was embittered with doubt.

At such an inopportune moment the little bride came home from the dressmaker to find her with her beauty and her little intent. Gloria was in her bedroom, looking out of her window at the fatal monument below, living over again the scene of the murder.

With the pathetic drop of her head, and her arms hanging at her sides, and the long line of her gown sweeping about her feet, almost lifeless form, she stood like a Tanager figure of grief. Poor little soul, she was just entering the real world of womanhood when the grim arms of tragedy enfouled her! It was her first great sorrow.

Her old nurse came toward her. Gloria moved, gave a little moan of horror and ran to put her head on the nurse's breast, sobbing out her pent-up agony.

"It can't be true! I can't bear it! It's too horrible. A week ago he was alive and happy. Now he—oh, I'll go mad if I think about what he is now!"

"There, there, Miss Gloria," the nurse implored her. "Try to keep your mind off your loss as much as you can. Think of your father and your brother and how much they need you. That will help you."

A knock was heard at the door, and the nurse went to it to admit Dr. Royce. His heart contracted with pain at sight of his idolized patient's distress. Gloria sank into a chair and made a brave effort to stifle her sobs, gritting her teeth together and wringing her hands, but in vain.

The doctor prepared a sedative and held it out to her.

"Take this, dear child; it will quiet your nerves."

But before the words were finished she had brushed the glass from his hand.

"I don't want your opiates, Stephen. There is only one medicine for my pain, and that is revenge. Will you help me to that?"

He shook his head sadly. Struck with a sudden memory, Gloria pulled him toward the window.

"I saw him murdered and you told me it was delirium."

"You admitted it yourself when you received his letters and telegrams."

Royce answered hastily.

"What I don't believe that now. And I don't believe that you do either."

Royce winced at this.

"It was too much of a coincidence," continued Gloria. "I am not a child any longer, Stephen, and though this tragedy has nearly unbalanced my mind I am still able to think and reason. Why, if this had happened a little later I would have been his wife."

Her lips trembled like a hurt child's and Royce turned his head away in pity.

"I was his wife I should not sit idly by and let the demon who took his precious life go free, should I?"

"Should I, Stephen?"

Royce was silent. Gloria went on:

"I am going to act as though I were his widow in reality, as I am in heart. I shall go to the police."

"And tell them everything. Will you help me?"

"I will do anything I can, Gloria, but first we must consult your father."

Dr. Royce was dumfounded at the new Gloria he had to face, and to save from monsters she knew nothing of—the juggernauts of scandal and publicity. He determined to confer with Mr. Stafford at once, and descended the stairs to find Pierpont in his library.

Royce told Mr. Stafford things which amazed and horrified him, and when he had finished he said: "I did not want you to know of this as long as I could keep it from you, Mr. Stafford."

Royce seemed to be nothing for you to do and I felt that it was a weight on your shoulders as it was."

I do not know if I acted wisely in keeping you in the dark so long, but now that Gloria wants to go to the police with the matter I had to tell you so that we could keep her from it and save an investigation that would ruin your son's wife and bring horrible notoriety to Gloria. Whoever it was that killed Frenau, he must have had his reasons. He has made good his escape. Incidentally, he has saved Gloria from marrying a scoundrel. I could almost thank him for that. But we must never let Gloria know Frenau's unworthiness. It would leave too deep a scar on her fresh young heart, ruin all her ideals and kill her faith in humanity."

Stafford gave Royce his hand. "How right you are, Stephen! Gloria will never recover from the knowledge of his treachery. Yes, we must have her from that. May God help me to save David, too."

After Royce had left Gloria went to her dressing room. Her maid and the nurse were unpacking a large box. They tried to conceal it as she came in, but she commanded them to give it to her. It was her wedding gown.

Clasping the soft, shining robe to her heart with a little cry, she motioned them to leave her alone with it. Then she sank to the floor, clutching it in her arms. She pressed her lips to the satin folds and cuddled its beauty to her cheek. As she fondled the precious lace in her fingers she visioned herself in the gown. She was standing at the altar with Frenau by her side; all the friends of her world were sitting in their pews behind her. To her rapt ears came the organ music swelling into the wedding march, as with her head erect and her heart high she came back up the aisle on her husband's arm.

The dream crumbled and the girl woke to the truth with nothing left of her dream but the gown in her



"I SAW HIM MURDERED AND YOU TOLD ME IT WAS DELIRIUM."

The blood pounded in Gloria's heart and spread a quick flush over her face as she picked it up. She turned it over and read the inscription on the mantle, she took down one of the photographs and turning it, read in the beloved handwriting: "To my darling mother, from her adoring son, Dick." She kissed the photograph and carried it back to her chair.

An elderly maid brought in the morning paper and a few letters, which the mother ran through eagerly. Finding none from Dick, she shook her finger reprovingly at it, affectionately at the photograph; she then leaned back in her chair to glance curiously over the paper.

Almost immediately her eyes lighted on the headlines announcing her son's death, with a hint of suicide. The shock of the news almost killed the mother, for she was old and Dick was her only child and she knew only the good side of him. The evil that he brought in the world was mercifully kept from her.

The maid, hearing her moan, ran out of the house and fetched the doctor who was caring for her. He saw that her disease was the incurable one that mothers are often prey to, the loss of their children. There was no remedy for this in the doctor's

books and the only help he could give was to answer her one remaining wish that her son's body should be brought home to be buried in the family plot, where his father lay and where she hoped soon to rest.

The doctor telegraphed the mother's request to Frenau's partner, Frank Muir, and he took steps at once to comply.

It was that Gloria was deprived even of the satisfaction of following her lover to the grave. Her chief enemies were those who loved her best, Stephen Royce and her own father. They would do everything they could to thwart her. When she learned of his mother's wishes her first impulse was to go to Colorado herself, but that impulse dipped in hot water and then in the important duty was to find his murderer, and that search she must start at once.

Pierpont Stafford felt a deep resentment against the world for its treatment of his children. He had won and held a position of power in the financial world. He had made millions of dollars and he controlled more, yet his son was married to a worthless woman and his daughter mourned the death of a blackguard. He could not buy happiness for his

Gloria brushed the glass from his hand. "I don't want your opiates, Stephen," she said. "There is only one medicine for my pain, and that is revenge. I am going to act as though I were his widow in reality, as I am in heart. I shall go to the police and tell them everything."

"Why do you hate him now? What do you know against him? How can you murder an unjust man?" Pierpont usually avoided her gaze and shrugged his shoulders with a sigh.

Gloria put her hands pleadingly on his shoulders and he tried to leave her in his arms again, but not the engagement ring on her hand, he froze. Then, with determination in his tone, he commanded: "Take that off!"

Terrified, Gloria snatched her hand from his arm and shook her head, moving swiftly away from him. Pierpont took up her hand, and pointing to the photograph accusingly, he said:

"Every one will ask who it is you are engaged to. You are not engaged to him any longer. I insist on your removing that ring."

Gloria protested. Pierpont stood firm. She studied him anxiously. He reiterated his demand. She refused. Bluffed, the old man began to plead. She was all he had. He was old and heartbroken. He could not endure the sight of her in black. He was jealous of the dead man's hold on her heart. Pity moved her as fear could not.

To comfort him she yielded. She drew the ring from her finger, dropping it into his outstretched palm.

He clutched it with a sigh of relief and put it in his waistcoat pocket.

At the finality of this Gloria's cheeks flamed with remorse. She ran to him, begging for it again. Pierpont only held her off with his right hand, took out his watch with his left and said: "It's time to dress for dinner."

At this moment Burroughs entered with a black dinner gown on her arms and Mr. Royce motioned it away.

"No, not that, Burroughs! Bring Miss Gloria a bright gown. Black is not becoming to her at any time. You understand me, Burroughs?"

The maid nodded a respectful "Yes, sir," and withdrew to the dressing room. She presently re-entered bearing a gown of brilliant turquoise blue, festooned with garlands of varicolored flowers. Gloria shuddered. But her father nodded his head approvingly.

"That's it. Now I shall have my own little beautiful girl to dine with me."

He left her.

Gloria studied the blue gown for a moment, then snatched it from Burroughs, threw it on the floor in wrath and burst into tears.

"What a loss. She pondered, then went again to the dressing room and brought forth another gown.

"Here, Miss Gloria dear, here's your

real! It was as if he put his arms about her and embraced her, then her eyes fell to her left hand, which their engagement ring had adorned, and the nakedness revolted her. She seemed to see the look of anguish and reproach on Frenau's face as he took account of its absence.

She put her hands before her face. Pierpont looked up anxiously, then went to her side. She shivered with a chill. "I'm so sorry, daddy, to spoil your dinner. Let me go to my room. I'll put myself together after a bit. It's just a fit of nerves. No, don't come with me; I'm all right. Finish your dinner, dear; don't mind at all. I'll be all right."

She dragged herself wearily away from him and on up to her own room. She closed the door behind her and the bed moaning: "They've even taken your ring from me. Oh, Dick, Dick, come back and help me."

(To Be Continued.)

The Tenth Episode in the Serial  
"GLORIA'S ROMANCE"  
Will Be Published SATURDAY, July 29

## Beauty and Health Lessons For the Summer

A New Series of Articles Written by Miss  
Pauline Furlong for Women Readers  
of The Evening World.

By Pauline Furlong.

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The Value of Golf as a Means of Exercise.

Exercise.

The game of golf has been called

the old man's game, but whether or

not this is true it is a healthful one

and one which cannot be played with

vim and grace by invalids or persons

who do not possess strength and endurance.

When one has completed a game

of golf on an eighteen-hole course he

will know that he has indulged in

considerable physical labor, because

the game not only necessitates miles

of walking but many bends, twists

and turns of the body as well.

To-day's illustration shows the

writer at the finish of a drive, and

when the ball is hit with sufficient

force to send it some distance away

almost every muscle of the body is

brought into play. At the start of

the drive the body is bent forward,

during the drive the shoulders and

arms are exercised and at the finish,

as you will see, the waist and abdominal muscles are stretched and

turned, and held tense meanwhile.

Of course miles of walking in the

fresh air, which the game of golf

compels, cannot be too highly estimated, for here the lower body muscles

are exercised and deep breathing

stimulated and everywhere, beauty

of the old-fashioned theory that

strong, firm, trained muscles are incompatible with womanly grace and

beauty. The stout woman, with her

muscles and rolls of superfluous fat, is

the flabbily muscled woman and is

certainly not generally held to be

beautiful anywhere outside of a Mo-

hammadan harpiche. Beauty spells fat. Today's menu: Glass hot

water and lemon juice before breakfast.



baked tomato, asparagus salad, lemon

iced.

Letters From Readers.

The supply of earlier issues being now

exhausted, The Evening World can supply

only back numbers of Miss Furlong's

articles published since May 1.

PIMPLES—JOHN G. asks: "Please

print a treatment for pimples and

advise me of their cause. I am sure

this will interest many other readers

of your wonderful health column."

Pimples (acne): To rid the face

and body of pimples careful diet and

attention to the eliminative organs

are absolutely essential before any

external treatment will bring results.

Very gentle local applications, with-

out the flesh brush or undue friction,

is also necessary. If pimples are

opened, use a fine needle previously

dipped in hot water and then in per-

oxide of hydrogen or alcohol. Press

out the pus with the fingers, wrapped

in absorbent cotton and dipped in

water five ounces, precipitate of sul-

phur one teaspoonful, camphor (tinc-)

ture) one teaspoonful. Mix and use

off.

ANOTHER PIMPLE LOTION is

made as follows: Resorcin eight

grains, glycerine sixty grains. Mix

and apply to each pimple and

around it.

PIMPLE SALVE: Pure oxide of

zinc two and a half grains precipi-

trate of sulphur six grains. Lino-

lin six grains, olive oil five grains. Mix

until smooth and apply. This is ex-

cellent.

Carbolic soap is excellent for pim-

ples. Use warm water and little

friction.

SCANT EYEBROWS—MABEL K.

asks: "What will promote the growth

of the eyebrows and what will dark-

en them?"

Scant eyebrows should be brushed

each night with a tiny brush dipped

in kerosene, lanolin, petroleum oil, or

oil of rose. Do not pluck the brows, as

this makes them stiff and coarse.

Always wipe and brush them from

the nose outward. A mixture of

Chinese ink and rose water will

darken light brows. Do not allow

any of this to get into the eyes. Ap-

ply bandoline to stiff, unruly brows.

FRECKLES—Mrs. Walter P. H.

asks: "Please tell one of your dis-

tracted readers if there is any per-

manent treatment for freckles. I have

drogen, lemon juice or buttermilk

will fade the freckles somewhat, but

at three are extremely drying and

astringent. The following is a good

freckle lotion: Rosewater, two

ounces; lactic acid, four ounces.

Use several times a day.

Freckle and tan lotion: Glycerine, one

ounce; borax, two teaspoonfuls; hot

water, ten ounces; citric acid, four

drums. Use several times a day.

ROLLING—MRS. GRANTIAN M.

H. asks: "Is it true that rolling re-

duces the hips, and how should it be

done? Is it harmful?"

Rolling, either on the floor or lawn,

is a valuable exercise for reducing the

hips. It is entirely harmless if prop-

erly performed and gives to the hips

the power to all around message

which could not be obtained in any

other manner.

Lie flat on your back, knees rigid

and heels together. Keep the closed

heels on the chest at the armpits, or

the knees straight while rolling. Roll-

ing on the lawn has the added ad-

vantage of exercise in the open air.

A good exercise for those in the coun-

try is to start at the top of a hill and

roll to the bottom. Walking up the

hill, by the way, is another beneficial

and thigh reducer.

SOFT CORNS—MILDRED K.

writes: "What will remove and keep

away soft corns? My feet are always

wet with perspiration. How can I

avoid this disagreeable condition?"

Soft corns are not deeply rooted and

are easily removed and kept away.

They come from improper drying of

the feet and excessive perspiration.

To remove them bathe the feet in hot

water and soap ten minutes, wipe

them dry and pare the soft corn with

a sharp, pointed, sterilized knife, as

close as possible without drawing

blood. Then apply turpentine on a

puff of cotton and fasten with adhe-

sive plaster. Repeat if necessary the

## Civic Orchestra Plays Tchaikowsky's Fifth

By Sylvester Rauling.

TCHAIKOWSKY'S fifth sym-

phony opened the programme

of the Civic Orchestra So-

ciety's fourth concert at Madison

Square Garden last night. The pre-

sentation commanded respect. Mr.

Rothwell's leading was intelligent;

his men played well together; the